

Resident Evil : Operation Quebec City

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Summary: This is a story i ment to write a long time ago but i didn't know how to write it. I am going to start with Leon's Campaign in written form. The Character introduced in Chapter 2 will have her version in comic form.

Resident Evil : Operation Quebec City

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Quebec is in a state of crisis. The country had a recent outbreak of a none registered sickness and had an emergency vaccination campaign to eliminate the so called virus. As the vaccine was distributed, more and more became infected. The United-States tried to contact the prime minister about the outbreak. But there was no response. All emergency lines were out of order. In this state of panic, I was send to investigate what could be a biological weapon outbreak.

I was told to go to Montreal to join a contact the government had planned to be my partner. I was supposed to drop in Longueuil on top of the bus station. However, we were none alone.

"Is everything still ok back there, Mr. Kennedy?" shouted Jim while slightly looking back at me.

" It's fine", I responded while shouting over the noise of the blades, " I just thought we'd get there by car."

"Well, the U.S. borders had to close all access to Canada." He added.  
" That was our only way in ! "

" Great." , I said to myself slightly irritated. " From all the place I could go, I had to in a quarantine zone."

" What?" he yelled.

"Oh, it's nothin'. " I assured.

There was a long pause. I looked out of the window of the helicopter. There was only but chaos. Cars crashing into each other. Nothing but zombies as far as the eyes can see. Survivors burning alive from their wreckage. Fainted screams of agony begging for help. The ice was blood red. Sparks of electricity lit up some cars that crashed into it. It was just like Raccoonâ€¦

" One question : can you speak French?", asked Jim still driving the Black Hawk.

" Barelyâ€¦", I answered.

"Then I'd say 'good luck with that' ! " , he exclaimed.

" Why is that?", I questioned him.

"Quebeckers are known to only speak French !", he told me.

"Damn! Seriously?", I said in disbelief.

He just nodded in approval.

As I was going to relax and look outside, suddenly, an RPG destroyed most of the helicopter. All engines were failing, there was nothing to block the cold winds of winter. Jim was blown into pieces. I tried to hold on to the side of the engine and eventually got to the driver's seat which was covered in his guts. I tried to land this damned thing but I had no chance. I reached as fast as I can to get the parachutes. I barely got out of there alive. As I was opening the parachute, the blades of my ride was pulling it into it's blades. I took my knife and cut the ropes on the parachute falling nearly 500 feet into the ground.

Nearly Limping, I got up and run on the side of the road and gunning down anyone infected in my way. On the other line, I spotted a Cruze car driving insanely fast. I took note of the license plate send send it to Hunnigan. I limped for a while trying to get where the car was headed from. Suddenly, I got a call.

"Leon! What is going on right now?", she yelled in a worried tone. "Are you alright?"

"The helicopter was shot down" , I told her. " It was possibly with an RPG."

"Dear godâ€¦" said Hunnigan in disbelief. "Well, I'm glad you're alright!"

"I barely made it tough." , I replied.

"Looks like itâ€¦" , she remarked as I was limping through the horde.

"Anyway, I've send you a the number of a license plate.", I said. "Can you look through the data base of Quebec's registered cars."

"I'm on it! " , she exclaimed.

She cuts off the discussion for a while. I kept limping forward. The cold was unbearable! The frozen blood splattered onto me was turning into ice. I kept on slipping on the mix of blood and puddles of ice down the road. I stayed on these road for hours. I could barely feel my fingers onto my handgun. I kept firing to clear the way. But more and more infected civilians tried to surround me. I had no choice but to toss a grenade. Suddenly, I got a call from Hunnigan.

" LEON! I finally got the information about the license plate you send me. ", she exclaimed. " This corresponds with a silver 2011 Chevrolet Cruze registered under the name of Luc Lemay. "

" Alright.", I replied. " Anything else?"

" According to the database, he lives in Sainte-Catherine and as a son and a daughter : one lives in Becancour and the other one is in Candiac.", she added.

"How long is Becancour from here?" I asked.

" By foot, it would be around 35 hours.", she answered.

"Damn! Hopefully he was heading to see his daughter" , I replied in an irritated manner.

"Wait" she said and took a long pause like she was looking at something else. " The car just stopped!"

"Where?", I shouted.

" It seems like it has stopped at his daughter's house." , she said intrigued. " I'll send you the coordinates to the residence."

"Understood", I told her." I'm on my way!"

I closed the conversation. Hours went by, I started not to feel my fingers from the cold. More snow covered the tracks. I tried to use the touch screen of my phone but my fingers couldn't operate it. A sharp pain started to install itself onto all my extremities. Almost as if my body was crushing onto itself. I was halfway to the destination. I could feel all my muscles getting frozen and hardening up. I was harder to move around. This numb feeling started to grow and I couldn't move any further. But I had to reach the destination.

An hour as passed, I finally got close to the coordinates. I limped faster to reach the destination. From the dim glow of the street lights, I saw that my fingers was close to turn purple. I turned the corner of the street and I could see the residence : It was a huge condo with 8 apartments. I looked at the info given by Hunnigan. Unfortunately, the phone shut down because of weather of this damned Canadian weather. I got a glimpse thought that the apartment number was 5. I pressed the button number 5 and stepped back from the door. Suddenly, I heard a patio door open up. A person with a skeleton onesie came out of the condo with a compound bow. The "skeleton" aimed the bow at me, tightly gripping other arrows in his knuckles.

" TÃ© qui toÃ©?", shouted the skeleton who turns out to be a woman."

KsÃ© qu'tu fait icite?"

"Look, I don't mean to pick a bone with you but I need your help", I shouted back while barely able to aim to gun back at her.

"Then let me ask you again : Who the fuck are you?", she replied grabbing the bow tighter. "And what the hell are you doing here?"

"The name's Leon Scott Kennedy : I'm under the U.S.'S order to investigate the current outbreak..", I was trying to tell her when she readied her bow.

" Bullshit!" , she shouted while firing her bow. I barely dodged her attack. " That can't be your name! It's the name of a fictional character! Either you're bullshit-ing me with a fake name or you pretend to be a cosplayer!"

" Look, I could explain whatever is your problem but please put that damned bow down!", I shouted more aggressively.

" How about you drop that fucking gun!" , she barked back.

"Keep fucking calm lady! I'm justâ€|" I tried to reassure her but then everything went black.

End  
file.